VOYAGE OF
MISS BRACKETT
WITH
COLONEL STONE

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STARTLING NARRATIVE.

VOYAGE

OF

MISS BRACKETT, WITH COLONEL STONE,

Performed Mentally,

THROUGH THE AIR,

WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF

ANIMAL MAGNETISM,

TO A

CITY DISTANT 200 MILES;

EVERY OBJECT IN WHICH, THAT COULD FALL UNDER THE COGNIZANCE OF AN OBSERVER, WAS

DESCRIBED BY MISS BRACKETT DURING THE STATE OF MAGNETIC SLEEP;

The Extraordinary Phenomena having been Investigated at the Request of a

DISTINGUISHED PRELATE,

AND NOW RELATED IN ORDER TO EXPLAIN THE REASON FOR THE AUTHOR'S

Belief in the Mysterious Influence of Animal Magnetism.

"Fraud, deception, imposture—in the matters which I have related—were entirely out of the question; and I cannot distrust the evidence of my own senses, where all the circumstances were such as to render deception or charlatanerie impossible. The weight of other testimony depends on the character of the witnesses for veracity, their means of knowing the facts related and their exemption from motives to distort the truth. Such was the character of the parties with whom I was in communication during my visit to Miss BRACKETT, and I have strictly confined myself to a NARRATIVE OF FACTS which TRANSPIRED UNDER MY OWN EYES.

"*New York, Oct.* 1837." "WILLIAM L. STONE."

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.;

STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1838.—PRICE 1*s.* 6*d.*

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Stone

London: Printed by Mills and Son,
Gough-square, Fleet-street.

ADVERTISEMENT

BY THE EDITOR.

INSTEAD of writing a long preface to the truly startling narrative which is here presented in its unabridged and native state to the English public, the Editor has, by preference, appended to various parts of the statement, notes and remarks. The alleged facts, as they arise, force from the reader only ejaculatory comments, and with the Editor, gave origin to reflections which he could not satisfactorily mould into a formal introduction to this wonderful relation. To the question, which every one who scrutinizes the allegations will be at once disposed to offer, "Do you believe these statements?" the Editor begs, for himself, to decline furnishing a reply, lest he should too soon render himself liable to the sarcasm of having given "a foolish answer." It is his duty, however, both to the public on this side of the Atlantic, and to the author of the narrative, to supply, at once, every particular connected therewith which can afford to others an opportunity of judging whether the letter of Colonel STONE is or is not an invention of some novelist; is or is not filled with pure inventions; and thus enable *them* to say, if they choose, after perusing the document, whether they believe the letter to be, or not, a faithful relation, and its entire contents to bear, or to be devoid of, the satisfactory impress of truth, marvellous, most marvellous, though they be. Let no one prematurely decide that, *because* the original document bears the date of *America*,—the "land of many jokes,"—it is to be promptly regarded as a fiction.

Unfortunately for that country, its spirit of fun has created so many "crocketts" for the amusement of the world, that grave folks at a distance cannot credit anything "uncommon" which issues from its press. If, however, there be many wits in America, there are many fools out of it, who lack the power to discriminate between what is written for laughter, and what for information. The judicious reader will allow discrimination to occupy the post of prejudice, on the present occasion; and suffer even the WONDERFUL to have a chance of obtaining credit.*

The London publisher will, probably, gain attention to the sheets which are now in the reader's hands, by means of a somewhat *descriptive* title-page; but the statement of Mr. STONE, who possesses, from a former military station, the title also of Colonel, is simply thus introduced by himself :—

"LETTER TO DOCTOR A. BRIGHAM ON ANIMAL MAGNETISM: BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND MISS LORAINA BRACKETT, WHILE IN A STATE OF SOMNAMBULISM. BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

"'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'—*Shakespeare.*

"NEW YORK: GEORGE DEARBORN AND CO. 1837.

"Entered, according to an Act of Congress of the United States of America, in the year 1837, by GEORGE DEARBORN, in the Clerks' Office of the Southern District of New York.

"SCATCHERD and ADAMS, Printers, No. 38, Gold-street."

The immediate cause which elicited the narrative, is thus explained by a letter from Dr. BRIGHAM to Mr. STONE: —

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* The *italics* in the narrative are not employed by Colonel STONE, but by the present Editor; not for the sake of increasing astonishment at parts which are sufficiently astonishing without such marks, but rather, most of them, to distinguish the more important and weighty of the various facts.

Letter from Dr. Brigham to Mr. Stone.

"New York, Sept. 1837.

"My dear Sir,—Understanding that you have recently witnessed many experiments, and even performed some yourself, illustrative of the power of animal magnetism, and have become a believer in this new art, science, or imposture, I am exceedingly desirous of knowing *what phenomena, witnessed by yourself, have served to convince you.*

"Animal magnetism has attracted the attention of the most scientific men in Europe, some of whom believe in the extraordinary power ascribed to it. That very remarkable effects may result from extreme sensibility, or disease of the nervous system, I can readily believe. We see such in catalepsy, somnambulism, &c. We read of such in every age. In every age great moral commotions, by affecting the organization of some very sensitive persons, have produced very singular physical and intellectual phenomena. The *Trembleurs des Cevennes*, and the *Convulsionnaires de St. Ménard*, are memorable instances. Many of the results attributed to animal magnetism may be accounted for, by supposing an unusual augmentation of sensibility. But other phenomena ascribed to it cannot be thus explained; and an immensity of proof appears to me to be necessary, in order to establish things so extraordinary and so contrary to the common sense, and to the testimony of all times.

"The facts which have served to make you a believer in animal magnetism, must be curious and interesting, and when your leisure permits, I beg you will furnish them in detail, that others may know on what evidence one who has been charged with a lamentable want of credulity on some subjects, and who must be disinterested, has become convinced of the truth of these most incredible phenomena.—Very respectfully your friend,

"A. Brigham."

"To William L. Stone, Esq."

The letter next presented in these pages, is the reply of Mr. STONE to Dr. BRIGHAM. Respecting Mr. STONE, we may add that he is a well-known writer and critic in New York, of most respectable private character, and the avowed Editor of a newspaper in that city. Dr. BRIGHAM is a physician of high reputation in New York, and, as well as Dr. CAPRON, of the city of Providence,* is known, by his scientific communications in the medical periodicals, to many of the best-informed physicians in England. Mr. (or Colonel) STONE has recently issued, through his booksellers, Messrs. DEARBORN, of New York, proposals for publishing the life of a great Mohawk chief, "Captain of the Six Nations," JOSEPH BRANT, the savage warrior of CAMPBELL's "Gertrude of Wyoming," formerly a correspondent with many distinguished individuals in England, and at one time presented at the Court of St. James's. Mr. STONE may thus be regarded as a veritable personage; while every word of his narrative bears testimony that its author is, at the least, a candid and straightforward man.

Certainly one thing will be gained by this publication. The reflecting portion of the public in England will here become aware how forcible and imposing is some of the evidence that is being presented to the world in favour of the claims of "Animal Magnetism" to general and serious attention.

W. D.

London, Feb. 2nd, 1838.

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* Providence is the largest town of the State of Rhode Island, chief of a county of its name, and the semi-capital of the State. It has a large inland and foreign trade. Its longitude is 71 26 W., Latitude 41 51 N. It is 36 miles S. W. from Boston, and about 200 from New York.—ED.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Letter of Mr. Stone to Dr. Brigham.

New York, September 10, 1837.

Dear Sir,—Your favour of the 1st instant reached me several days since, and in so far as a "round unvarnished tale" will serve the purposes of your inquiry, I can have not the slightest objection to a compliance with your request. I can the more readily do this, from the circumstance that the greatest portion of the labour is already performed; that is, if you refer, as I presume you do, to certain circumstances connected with animal magnetism, which transpired during a brief visit recently made by me to the city of Providence. A full narration of that visit, so far as it was connected with the science of animal magnetism, *falsely so called*,—for I hold that nothing can rightly be regarded as a science, which has not been reduced to fixed principles,—was written immediately after my return, while all the circumstances were fresh in my recollection. And in order to ensure still greater accuracy, I have since made another visit to Rhode Island, and submitted the manuscript to several persons who were present at the time when the events related occurred.

Before I proceed to the main design of the present communication, however, allow me to correct a misapprehension into which, like many others of my friends, you have been betrayed

by loose reports. The inference from your letter is, that I have suddenly become a convert to animal magnetism, to the whole extent claimed and practised by F. A. Mesmer, the founder of the art, and contended for by Wolfart and Kluge, and the other German and French enthusiasts who have written in explanation and support of the system. This is an error. *I am not a positive believer in the system,* because I know not what to believe. And yet, I am free to confess, I have recently beheld phenomena, under circumstances where *collusion, deception, fraud, and imposture, were alike out of the question, if not impossible,* which have brought me from the position of a positive sceptic to a dead pause. From the evidence of my own senses, I have been compelled, *if not to relinquish,* at least very essentially to *modify my belief,* and I can no longer *deny,* although I cannot explain the extraordinary phenomena produced by the *exertion of the mental energy* of one person upon the *mind* of another, while in a state of what is termed magnetic slumber. Still, I pray you not to write me down as a believer in the charlatanerie of Mesmer and Deslon, or as a disciple of M. Poyen, or as an encourager of the other *strolling* dealers in somnambulism, who traverse the country, exhibiting their "sleeping beauties" as lovers, not of science, but of gain.

For many months past, in common with most readers, if not all, of the public journals, I had seen much upon the subject of animal magnetism, particularly in connexion with M. Poyen and his pupil (Miss Gleason). The illustrations of M. Poyen, and the exploits of Miss Gleason while under the magnetic influence imparted by him, had been standing themes of comment in the New England papers. I had seen that M. Poyen was favoured by many believers, some of them even among the disciples of Æsculapius. There were others, laymen and members of the Faculty of Medicine, who doubted. Others, again, and probably by far the *largest* class, were *positive sceptics.* These were doing all in their power to discredit the professor (M. Poyen), his science and his patient, both by argument and ridicule. Still, M. Poyen persisted in the illustrations of his favourite science, and I

had noted that accessions to the number of believers in his system were occasionally gained, *even from the ranks of the learned and the wise*. Educated myself, however, in the belief that Mesmer was an impostor, that his followers were enthusiasts, and his patients affected, if at all, only through the workings of *their own imaginations*, and disliking, exceedingly, the public exhibitions he was making for money, I was not only an *unbeliever*, but a *satirist*, of the whole affair.

Not long afterwards it was reported that the system of M. Poyen had not only been introduced into the city of Providence, but that the illustrations exhibited there had made a deep impression upon some of the soundest and best balanced minds in that city and its vicinity. The publications upon the subject assumed a *grave* character, and the *names* which were quoted were mentioned as being those of persons who, if not full believers in the science, had at least been brought to admit that there was something mysterious in the developments daily making of the extent and power of the magnetic influence, both upon the bodies and the minds of those who had been made subjects of it, *caused me to pause*, and to question of myself,—"whereunto these things would grow." Still I was a sturdy unbeliever. The early history of animal magnetism was familiar to me. I, also, as well as you, had read of the Convulsionnaires of St. Ménard, and of the strange epidemic which set half of the nuns in Christendom simultaneously mewing like cats; as well as of the still stranger doings among various religionists in Kentucky, some thirty or forty years ago; and, of course, I had not forgotten the melancholy delusion which once overspread New England, in regard to witchcraft. My inclination, therefore, was to write down animal magnetism in the same catalogue of the eccentricities, if not the absurdities, of the human mind, and to look upon its extension in Rhode Island as the work, if not of credulity and imposture, at least of mental excitement, sympathy, and delusion.

Such, in brief, were my views and feelings with regard to animal magnetism, until on or about the 22nd day of August (1837), when a letter was placed in my hands by a

gentleman of the city of Providence, from a distinguished prelate in the Episcopal Church,* then on a visit to that city, *inviting my attention to the subject,* and intimating the writer's belief, that were I to investigate the phenomena of the magnetic influence myself, I might perhaps be more sparing of my sarcasms in relation to it. The letter was one of introduction, and I entered immediately into conversation with the bearer on the subject, of which he was full. He confirmed various reports which had previously reached me, and also the fact that the new science (I use the word for its convenience, not for its correctness) was seriously engaging the attention of men of science and learning in Providence—physicians, philosophers, theologians,—and that the results of many experiments were causing it to be regarded with grave and increasing interest. He likewise related to me a number of facts of a surprising character, of the truth of which I could only entertain a doubt by impeaching the character of my informant for veracity. His manner, moreover, was such as to convince me that he was *sincere* in what he said. He spoke of a number of patients in Providence, under the charge of several physicians, who had been subjected to the magnetic treatment, with wonderful results. Among these he told me of a blind young lady, upon whom some surprising experiments had been made. I was informed that, although blind, yet, when in a state of magnetic slumber, she had been sent to a fancy dry-goods' store,† to select various articles of merchandise, and that she performed the service *as well as a lady of perfect sight would have done it.* He also stated to me, that by the will of the magnetiser she would go into a flower-garden, *when asleep,* and cull various flowers of *various* hues. It was likewise stated, that she had read a note sent to her from a distance, *under three envelopes,* and that a statement of the contents was sent back to the writer (who was at the time unknown), the seals of the envelopes remaining *unbroken.*

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* A Bishop, who is again mentioned at page 49.—Ed.

† A toy and ornament warehouse.—Ed.

These and several other extraordinary experiments mentioned to me in the course of the interview, could not but create a strong desire on my part to investigate the subject for myself. It happened that I was then making preparations to visit some friends in Providence, and I left New York with a determination, if possible, to see the blind lady, and have the evidence of *my own senses* with regard to the exercise of this recently revived, and, if true, most wonderful influence.

I arrived in Providence on Saturday the 26th of August (1837), and my inquiries, *which were immediate*, respecting the above-mentioned reports, resulted in the confirmation, substantially, of *their truth*. Of course, my curiosity was greatly excited, and my anxiety to see the young lady increased in a corresponding ratio. I was informed, moreover, that the young lady was of most respectable character, and of decided and unaffected piety; that she was a patient of Dr. George Capron, *a physician of established reputation*, and superior to all the devices and designs of quackery, charlatanism, or imposture.

The name of the young lady is Loraina Brackett, from the town of Dudley, Massachusetts. Four years since, as I have learned from her friends (particularly from Dr. Capron), she had the misfortune to have an iron weight, of several pounds weight, fall from a considerable elevation on the crown of her head. The injury was so severe as to deprive her almost of life, and entirely of her reason for several months, "during which time she was subject to the most violent, nervous, and other serious derangements of the nervous system. From the immediate effects of this injury she gradually recovered, and, at the end of the year, her general health was partially restored."* But, notwithstanding this

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* This sentence, and one that follows, a few lines farther on, is marked by *the author* with inverted commas (" "), probably because those parts of the statement were supplied (*ipsissimis verbis*) by the physician in attendance on the young lady. At least, so we are led to expect from a remark at the close of the history of her malady.—Ed.

improvement of her *bodily* health, her *eyes* were so badly affected by this injury, as to produce amaurosis (a disease of the optic nerves, the nerves of vision), which threatened total blindness. As is usual in cases of this disease, the loss of sight was very gradual, until, about eighteen months since, it was entirely extinguished. "Simultaneously with the loss of sight, she sustained a loss of voice, so complete, that for fifteen months she was unable to utter a single guttural sound, and could only whisper in almost inaudible tones."

Her case was considered to be hopeless by her friends, and in May last (1837) arrangements were made for sending her to the *Blind School*, at Boston, under the charge of Dr. S. G. Howe, where it was hoped that she might be qualified to become a teacher of the blind. When on her way to Boston, in May last, she took the city of Providence in her road, for the purpose of visiting some friends in that city. It happened that Dr. Capron was the physician of one of the families which Miss Brackett was visiting, and having thus become acquainted with her history, and learnt that all the usual remedies for the deplorable malady under which she was labouring had been employed for her relief in vain, Dr. Capron, having had some brief experience as a magnetiser, and being then engaged in the investigation of its *remedial* effects, after examining her case, as a matter of curiosity, proposed the magnetic treatment. As you are yourself a physician, I need not remind you that amaurosis often assumes the *paralytic* character, and that animal magnetism has from the first been prescribed by the practisers of the art, in cases of neurology,* and especially those of a paralytic character.

The consent of Miss Brackett and her friends for that purpose having been obtained, the practice was commenced in May (1837), and has been continued, daily, with few intermissions, until the present time. The results, in a *medical* point of view, have been the most salutary. Her voice has

* Patients affected with diseases of the nerves.—Ed.

been entirely restored, so that it is clear, and her enunciation is distinct and agreeable. Her natural sight (to say nothing of that mysterious faculty which is called "mental vision," or, by the French, *clairvoyance*), has been so far recovered from total blindness, that she can now distinguish light from darkness. She can, *when awake*, only discern objects like shadows; she cannot distinguish a man from a woman by the dress.

Such, in brief, was the history of this young lady, and the cause and extent of her malady, communicated to me shortly after my arrival in Providence, and more fully by Dr. CAPRON and others since. I was farther informed, that the young lady was diffident and retiring in her manners, and of delicate and sensitive feelings; and that neither herself, nor her friends, nor her physician, were ambitious of any thing approaching to a public exhibition. On the contrary, they preferred remaining *without public observation*. I ought here to add, that Miss B. had received a good education previously to the accident which subjected her to such painful deprivations, and that her friends in Providence sustain characters not only *respectable*, but *irreproachable*.

Having thus satisfied myself (by information derived from the most unquestionable authorities) that, with regard to the case, the half, even, which the facts would have warranted had not been told to me; and that, however extraordinary might be the appearances, or however surprising the developments of the mysterious influence which was asserted by the magnetisers to exist, yet neither Miss BRACKETT herself, nor her friends, would be guilty of *deception*, or accessary (directly or indirectly) to an *imposture;* the next step was, if possible, to obtain an interview.

This object was accomplished at my own *urgent* solicitation, and through the interposition of a distinguished literary friend, who was acquainted with the young lady and her protectors. I was *entirely unacquainted with them all*, and was introduced to Dr. CAPRON only on Saturday afternoon, August 26th (1837). I found Dr. C. to be all that he had been described to me; an intelligent gentleman,

alike above imposture, deception, collusion, and quackery. He remarked that the friends of Miss BRACKETT had objected to any public exhibition, or any thing like display before strangers. However, by his influence, and the exertions of my friend, an interview for experiment was arranged for the then ensuing Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, at which a few of my friends were to be present. Meantime, I heard other and farther relations of the wonderful effects of magnetic influence on the system, the senses, and the mental faculties, not only of Miss BRACKETT, but of *other* somnambulists in Providence and its vicinity,—the patients of physicians of undoubted character. With regard to Miss BRACKETT, I was assured, upon authority not to be questioned, that the power of seeing objects not present, or, rather, of transporting herself, in imagination, from one place to another, no matter how distant, and of *viewing objects and scenes which she had never seen or heard described*, and giving *correct accounts of them herself*, had been strikingly displayed in many instances. One gentleman had taken her (mentally—ED.) to *Washington*, where she accurately described the localities, the capitol, and the leading objects within and around it. Another friend, some time since, had taken her to New York, placed her in the Park, and conducted her to sundry other places. On one occasion, while making her supposed voyage in a steam-boat, she *became sea-sick*, and presented the *actual unfeigned symptoms of that nauseating disease.** In addition to this, Mr. HOPKINS, the gentleman at whose house she was to meet us (for the new experiment), took her, on the evening of the Sabbath, on the day before that on which I was to see her (the Monday above-mentioned,—ED.), to Saratoga Springs,† whence he and Mrs. HOPKINS had just returned; and Mr. H. told me on

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* A very singular reference to this alleged fact will be found in page 21 of this Pamphlet. But many things more startling to the credence, yet more plausibly avouched, occur in the whole history.—ED.

† In imagination, we presume, though that word is not in the text here. —ED.

Monday morning, that *her description of the buildings and localities* at the Springs was *correct;* and that when, in fancy, he took her to the Congress fountain, to drink of the water; she dashed it from her, on tasting, and said that she disliked it, suiting the muscular action of her features to the expression of that dislike.*

With such information in my possession, I determined, in my own mind, upon a course of examination which would *test the case* most thoroughly, and in a manner which should render deception, delusion, and imposition of every kind, entirely out of the question, even did not the excellent character of all the parties afford an ample guarantee against any attempt of the sort. But I kept several of the particular tests which I meant to employ, entirely within my own bosom, not imparting a hint or a suggestion of my design, even to my most intimate friends.

Agreeably to appointment, we met at the house of Mr. Hopkins, a few minutes before 10 o'clock, on Monday morning the 28th August, 1837. There were present, besides myself,

The literary friend already referred to;
Another clergyman, with his daughter, and another young lady;
Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins;
Mr. Isaac Thurber;
Another gentleman, whose name I do not recollect;† and
Doctor Capron.

The patient was presently ushered into the room. We were all introduced to her, and passed a few moments in

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* Many persons of lively and sensitive faculties would, in common slumber, enact a part in keeping with reality, on some impression being made upon the sense of hearing which led them to dream of a particular situation or circumstance.—Ed.

† The addresses of several of these persons are not given, probably because they are well known in the locality in which Mr. Stone's statement was, among other places, originally circulated.—Ed.

agreeable conversation. I found her of delicate mind and manners, modest, and diffident. None could see her without being favourably impressed in her behalf. She was, of course, aware of the object of our visit, and Dr. Capron soon took a seat near her, and commenced the process of what is called "magnetising."

I ought before to have remarked, that Dr. Capron had previously cautioned me not to expect too great things, since it was a matter of uncertainty whether the slumber would be profound, and the mind clear; and whether, moreover, she might not become wayward and obstinate after being thrown into sleep. Much, he said, depended on the calmness of his own mind, and the intensity of its *fixedness* upon the business in hand. Much also depended upon the state of mind of the patient. The process was chiefly by the action of the eyes, with some slight manipulations. In these, however, there was nothing disagreeable or objectionable in the remotest degree, even to the most refined and sensitive mind.

In five minutes the patient gave signs of drowsiness, and in four minutes more she was in a deep and profound slumber, insensible, as we ascertained by experiment, alike to the touch and the voices of all present, *excepting her physician*. He then told her that he wished her to be in communication with *all of us*, and to converse with all the company present who wished to speak with her. On the instant she seemed aware that she was in the company of several people, and gave indications of displeasure.

"I don't like to be looked at in this way by strangers," she said.*

Dr Capron attempted to soothe her, but she manifested displeasure, and said that she would not stay to be thus gazed at by strangers.

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* It will be seen, presently, that the patient was additionally blinded at the time.—Ed.

Dr. Capron. "But they are not strangers: they are your friends. You have been introduced to them, and after being introduced, people are no longer strangers."

Miss Brackett. "I'll not be looked at in this way: I will leave the room;" saying which, she arose with offended dignity, and walked towards the door.

I began now to fear that the experiment was ended, and that her obstinacy could not be removed. The doctor, however, took her hand, and succeeded in changing her purpose, when she walked into another part of the drawing-room.

It had been arranged, that the first experiments should be made for the purpose of eliciting some of the phenomena of *clairvoyance*, or mental vision. For this purpose a collection was at hand of various prints, large and small, likenesses of distinguished persons, &c., with which my friend had provided himself from his own house. With some of these, the front parlour had been hung before we entered it from the back room, while the smaller prints were thrown upon the centre table. It must here be borne in mind, in the first place, as has already been several times remarked, that the patient is blind. Her eyelids, moreover were entirely closed; in addition to which, cotton batts were placed over her eyes, and confined by a pair of green spectacles. It would, therefore, have been impossible for her to see; or, rather, any other person would have been involved in the deepest darkness, with eyes thus closed, and cotton batts over them.

Soon after going into the room (the front-parlour or drawing-room) she appeared to see the pictures and admire them. *This fact was tested in every way.* From repugnance to so much company, however, the little circle drew as much as possible away from her, and her chief conversation on the subject of pictures was held with my friend, with whom, both sleeping and waking, she had previously been acquainted. Invariably when she *studied* a picture, she *turned her back upon the wall against which it hung.* When she took up a

print to examine it, she held it at the back of her head, or, rather, just over the parietal bone.*

With my friend she conversed freely, and selected, from among the small prints, a likeness of Mrs. Judson, whose life she said *she had read several times*.

She took up a portrait, while standing at the side of the room opposite to my friend and myself, and putting it to the *side* of her head, almost behind, as she remained alone, inquired, "Is not this a likeness of John Foster? John—yes, it is John Foster." I immediately passed around the table to her, and held a brief conversation with her respecting the character and writings of FOSTER, of whom there had not been a word said before she selected his picture and pronounced his name.

Her reading of the names on the prints was very slow, as she read by "lettering," as the Freemasons call it; that is, by studying each letter, and first repeating it in a whisper, as though to herself. But she made no mistakes that were discovered. She had an objection to read, arising from an idea (if we were looking at the picture with her) that we knew as well as she, and that it was idle in us to ask her what we could not be ignorant of. If, however, she was holding a picture by herself, in a different part of the room, on asking her the question, "Whose likeness she was looking at," she would answer *correctly*, as in the case of JOHN FOSTER.

Sometimes she would exhibit the simplicity of childhood, as in the instance of an allegorical print which was suspended against the wall, the inscription on which was "America

* This statement, at the first blush, would appear to fall under the category of "proving too much;" but it may be fairly considered that reporters of experiments with magnetism would be especially anxious to avoid that error of an advocate; and, in the next place, to a blind person, the back of the head and the front must be equally sensible, or insensible, to vision. Though the question naturally arises, "Why present the *back?*" It may, however, be observed here, that the *back* of the head was made the region of *study*, for (according to the statements) to *see* was an easy act with the front. But the termini of the nerves of vision may be about as readily reached with a probe through the back or side as through the front of the brain.—ED.

guided by Wisdom." My friend asked her to read it. She replied that "she would read half of it, if he would read the other half."

She then, after a moment's study, read "America guided," and would read no more, insisting, playfully, that the gentleman referred to must read the other two words.*

In the early part of this exhibition she suddenly exclaimed, "Why, who could have put that *there?* It is no ornament to such a room as this;" saying which, she stepped across the carpet, and took down a coarsely-printed handbill, which had been suspended among the prints over the mantelpiece, by design, but which had not attracted my notice until she thus directed the attention of the circle to the object.

Having satisfied ourselves of the wonderful powers of "vision without the use of visual organs," as exhibited upon these objects, and of which I have given but a brief outline, Dr. Capron, by an exercise of the will,† withdrew her attention from the whole circle *to himself*, and then gave her a particular introduction *to me*. Leading her to a seat, I sat down by her side, and the doctor *transferred her hand into* mine, and clothed me with the power of enjoying her exclusive company.

I then commenced a conversation with Miss Brackett upon ordinary subjects, just as I would have done with any

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* These details are calculated to make a strong impression on the mind of the reader in favour of the veracity and sincerity of the relater. They bear no *evidence* of invention.—Ed.

† The writer of this note, in conversing with some of those medical gentlemen of high reputation who have recently practised "animal magnetism" in London, has made it a point to question them as to the extent of this exercise of "the will" during the process, and as to whether the necessity for its employment, in order to produce particular effects on the patient, has been undoubtedly apparent to their minds. In each case the reply has been in the affirmative as to its exercise and its *necessity*; that they have exercised *a will*, and considered it to be necessary; but in no instance have they seemed able to explain how a *thought*, or a command, exerted by and passing in one mind, could, or did, influence the act of another person, without any expression being used which was noticeable by an individual who, awake during the experiment, was watching the process and its results.—Ed.

strange lady to whom I might be introduced,—talking upon various matters, and she conversing in a sprightly and intelligent manner, invariably using very correct English. I inquired, both of herself and her friends, before she was magnetised, whether she had ever been in New York, and was assured that she had not.

In the course of my remarks, I now asked her "whether she would like to visit New York?"

She replied that she would. "She should like to go there very well."

I then observed that it would afford me pleasure to accompany her, and I asked, "How shall we go? Shall we not take the steam-boat *Narragansett?* It is a very fine boat, and now lies at the dock."

She replied that she "did not like to go in a steam-boat; it made her sick."

This remark was noted as affording an illustration of her former ideal voyage (see page 14) in which, as was reported to me, she actually became sea-sick.

Mr. Stone. "How then will you go?"

Miss B. "I should like to go through the air."

"Very well," I replied; "we will step into a balloon. That will be a pleasant mode of travelling." She did not, however, seem to comprehend what was meant by a balloon, and repeated her desire to go through the air. I assured her that I would as gladly accompany her that way as any other.

"But you must not let me fall," she said.

"O no," I replied, "I am used to that way of travelling, and will bear you up in perfect safety;" whereupon she grasped my hand more firmly, took my left hand, and pressed upon both, tremulously, as if buoying herself up. I raised my hands ten or twelve inches, very slowly, favouring the idea that she was ascending.

"You must keep me up," she said, with a slight convulsive, or rather, a shuddering grasp, as though apprehensive of a fall.

"Certainly," I replied. "You need have no fear; I am

used to these excursions ; " and away, in imagination, we sailed.

(A short pause here occurred in the dialogue, and occasionally elsewhere, also.—Ed.)

" There is Bristol ! " she exclaimed. " Stop ; we must look at Bristol. I have been here before. I always admired it. What beautiful streets ! "

" Very beautiful, indeed," I replied, and we resumed our aërial voyage.

" O ! " said she, " how I like to travel in this way ! It is so easy, and we go so quick."

" Yes," I answered, " and here we are at New York. Come, we will descend at the north end of the battery." She then grasped my hands more closely, and bore down exactly as though descending from a height.

" Safely down," said I. " There is the dock where the Providence steam-boat comes in."

" Indeed ! " she replied. " But it is not so good a place as *where it came in before.*"

I have already stated, that she had some time previously (see page 14) made a short imaginary visit to New York, in a steam-boat. The places of landing have during the present season been *changed from Market and Chamber's-streets, to the north end of the Battery.** I am uncertain, however, whether the change was made before or since that voyage, as I forgot to inquire into the particulars of that point, although I mentioned the fact of the change of the landing-place to the circle, and it is possible that her voyage took place before the change.

I now asked her whether she would like to step into Castle Garden for a few minutes.

She replied, " Yes ; " but immediately asked, *how we should get through the gate.* I answered that there would be no difficulty, as I had a season-ticket.

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* A fact to make us start again, if we find it impossible to start at every thing that is related, though the astonishment is slightly checked by the remark which follows.—Ed.

"But," said she, "I don't like the looks of that man by the gate."

I told her that she need have no fear. He was a constable, or police-officer (*they always had somebody of that character by the gate*), but he knew me very well, and would open the gate as soon as we should come up.

"There!" said she; "I told you we could not get the gate open."

"But," said I, "we can go through the side gate here. Come, here we are."

"It does not seem much like a garden," she said.

"Very true," I replied. "It was an old fort, which has been fitted up as a place of amusement. It is here that they get up grand displays of fireworks."

Miss B. "I am not fond of fireworks: I never cared about seeing them."

Mr. S. "But they don't get them up in the day-time; and only on festival occasions. At other times, people come here to get fresh air, drink lemonade and punch, and smoke cigars."

Miss B. "Do they allow them to smoke in the garden?"

"It is unfortunately so," I replied.

At this moment she appeared to act cautiously, as though experiencing the sensations of stepping upon *a bridge*. I spoke too quickly, and said, "the bridge was perfectly safe, and we could walk along." I then observed a smile playing upon her features.

"What pleases you?" I inquired.

"Why," said she, "what a queer hat that man has got on!"

Mr. S. "What man?"

Miss B. "Why, that man with the large round hat, like a quaker's.

Mr. S. "What sort of a coat has he on; or is it a jacket?"

Miss B. "It is a round jacket; and look, his hat has a round low crown."

It instantly occurred to me that she had described *the*

dress of the Castle-Garden Boat-club, whose boat-house stands at the farther end of the bridge, where also their boat is moored. There is generally one or more members of the club at their room, and I doubt not that one of the members was then at the club-house, and was seen by Miss Brackett. A member of the club, whom I met on the same evening, assured me that such was their dress, and he believed that one of their members must have been there at the time.*

On approaching the massive portal of the garden-wall, Miss B. drew back, and said that she had rather not go in. It was "no garden," she observed, "and she did not like to go through that gate." It will here be remarked, that she seemed to have seen both of the gates, the bridge, and the castle walls, since it was one of her first observations, that *she saw nothing like a garden.* The misnomer of calling such a place "a garden," would, at once, strike the attention of any stranger.

"I choose not to go in," she repeated.

"Just as you say," I replied; "we will turn about and walk up town. Now, we are on the Battery. How do you like the trees?"

She here gave indications of not understanding why the esplanade should be called "a battery." I told her that the name was derived from an ancient fortress which stood there. "O!" she replied, "then this is the place of the old fort."†

Having lingered a few moments, and the companion of my imaginary journey having expressed her admiration of the beauty of the place, I proposed continuing our walk up Broadway, to which she assented.

"And here we are by the Bowling-Green," I remarked. "How do you like it?"

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* It is rational enough to suspect that to be which is highly probable. The "belief of the member" supplies a sentence too much in so precise a narrative.—Ed.

† Mentioned just now as the place of fireworks.—Ed.

Miss B. " It is very pretty."

Mr. S. " Well, here is Mr. Ray's house. How do you like that ?"

Miss B. " It is a splendid house."

" On the left hand," said I.

" No ; on the right hand ; but stop," she said, " why, there (smiling), I was turned round, and was walking back down the street. You are right ; it is on the left hand."*

At this moment her attention appeared to be divided between two or more objects, one on either hand. I inquired what she saw on her right. She declined a direct answer, and evaded a reply two or three times. She then extended her arms to the left, as if curiously examining something by the touch.

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* It is impossible here to avoid experiencing the following reflections :— Taking it for granted, in order to possess a basis for reasoning thereon, that this narrative is a true story, and that the patient was not an impostor, we must believe that, in order to transport a somnambulist to a new place, her communication must be made with a person who knows that place, and to whom its surrounding objects, are well known. Had Col. STONE attempted to convey her to the North Pole, an unvisited region, he should have failed to elicit correct observations from the somnambulist, who, according to the only theory which can be erected on such statements, must at least *see*, if not *reason*, through the medium of the brain (or the mind) of her companion. How happened it, then, that when Mr. STONE saw that the house was a left-hand house, Miss BRACKETT considered that it was a right-hand object?— What follows is curious. Whether it increases the mystery, or supplies data for a solution, we leave the reader to pronounce ; but, if it happened that Miss BRACKETT was sitting opposite to, instead of at the side of, the Colonel, an object which was "right" to the one would be "left" to the other. To solve the riddle, it might be surmised that, when Colonel STONE began to think, more fixedly, as it were, that the house *was* on the right, the mind of Miss BRACKETT, to employ her own words, " turned round " from the position into which it perhaps had, as it were, lapsed a few moments before. But what avails speculation on such a topic ? For, observe, Miss BRACKETT detected the presence of a man near the bridge, whom Colonel STONE clearly was not sensible, by imagination, of seeing. Yet, again, as it is hardly possible for an individual to direct the " mind's eye " to any busy locality, without calling on the scene many living forms, the Colonel may have had moving in his brain the figure of a member of the Castle-Garden Boat-Club, almost with perfect unconsciousness of the fact, of which, however, the faculties of his companion were sensible and observant.—ED.

"I saw something like this at *Washington*," she remarked.* "It is carved," she continued.

She then turned to the object on her right, and I again asked what it was.

She replied that she did not wish to tell me, and I inferred, as did others of the circle, that she had descried something that offended her delicacy.

Then, turning to the left, she said, "Why, they are,"—

"They are what?" I demanded.

"Why, I am trying to see."

"What do they look like," I asked. "Do they resemble lions?"

"Yes," she replied, "they are lions, *bronzed* lions."

I had spoken the word "lions" too hastily; but her own unaided discovery, that the noble pair of lions *dormant*, guarding the portals of Mr. Ray's house, were of *bronze*, rendered this incident the most striking development in the case, *thus far*.

I then asked her of what materials the house was built.

She replied, "I will feel it and see," suiting the action to the word. "Why," she continued, "I have seen a house built of the same materials in Boston."

She was asked whether it resembled any building in Providence; whether the colour resembled the Arcade.

"It looks like the columns of the Arcade," she replied.

Those columns are of Eastern granite, and so is the house of Mr. Ray.

We then resumed our walk along Broadway, and, as we approached Trinity Church, she complained of the crowds of people. Presently she was embarrassed in getting along, as if shrinking from the crowd, and edging sideways, as though jostled by the throng.

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* This (adds Colonel STONE) was during her ideal visit of which I have spoken before, for she has *never been there*. The gentleman who made that dreaming visit with her, however, said that her description of some statuary there was correct.

"I never saw people crowd so," she remarked. "Why, they run over a body without the least care."

She was, indeed, much perplexed to go onward, while I was liberal in assurances of protection, telling her that New York was the grand receptacle of people of all nations, and that emigrants — Irish, Dutch, Swiss, French, Spanish, every body,—were wont to throng Broadway; but that they would not injure her, and we should soon get through the multitude. Thus we proceeded as far as the Astor House.

I asked her if she had ever heard of the Astor House.

She replied that she had not.

"Nor of Mr. Astor?"

"No," she replied.

I then gave her an outline of the history of that gentleman; how he came to New York a poor emigrant, and, seeing a wealthy man building a large house in Broadway, mentally resolved one day to build a house still greater; how he embarked in the fur trade, and, in connexion with this point, I introduced, incidentally, the name of Jacob Weber, formerly of German Flatts, with whom Mr. Astor* was connected, in early life, in the Indian Fur Trade, and whom I had once known very well. I repeated to her the well-known anecdote which has been related of Weber, and perhaps of a dozen others, that, in purchasing furs of the Indians, he was wont to use his fist for a one-pound weight, and his foot for two pounds.

"But that was not just," interrupted Miss Brackett; "it was not just, and I should not have thought they would have prospered."

"Mr. Astor had nothing to do with that," I continued; adding, that his life had afforded a fine illustration of one of the essays of John Foster, whose picture she had been examining,—the essay on Decision of Character. She was quite interested in the story, and we proceeded in our walk.

"What do you think of this house?" I inquired.

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* Now well known in England through the medium of Washington Irving's late work, "Astoria."—Ed.

"It is a noble building," she replied. "I should like to get a good view of it; but there are so many people crowding me that I cannot stand here."

"We will, then, step across the street into the Park," said I, "and you can then obtain a fine view. Here we will cross over; now; through the gate; there!"

"O," said she, as in imagination I caused her to walk into the middle of the Park; "I have been here before!"

She then stopped, and gazed up and around, as if taking a deliberate survey of the building. "How large!" she exclaimed.

I asked her how many stories high it was.

She counted in a low whisper, but so distinct that I heard it, "one, two, three, four, five."

I inquired again, in order that she might speak out; but she did not.

"It is a splendid building," she continued. "I should like to go through it. Can we do so?"

"O, yes, certainly," I replied. "I will go through with you, with pleasure."

Miss. B. "But there are so many people there."

"I know them all very well," said, I "and there will be no difficulty." I then walked with her to the broad portal, where she rather shrunk back.

Miss B. "I don't like to go up those stairs; there are so many men standing there. Can we not come again?"

"To be sure we can," was my reply; "it will afford me much pleasure."

Now, let any one, at any time of the day, step up to the portal of Astor House, and look up stairs to the first floor of the hotel, and say what forms of expression could convey a more accurate description of the entrance to that establishment, and of the large groups of men standing there at all hours.

We then resumed our walk, and I proposed to her to call at *my own house*, near by, to which she acceded. "We will pass the American hotel," I continued, "and turn to the left, down Park Place. It is a pleasant street, and

my house is just at the foot of it, adjoining the College Green.

"This is the corner, and here we will turn. How do you like that building at the opposite corner?" I asked. "That is the old Mechanics' Hall."

She stopped, and looking up, her attention was arrested by some object of interest. "What are you looking at, Miss Brackett?" I inquired.

"I was looking at that carved work," she replied.

Mr. S. "What is it?"

Miss B. "That is what I am trying to study. They are —but you are in such a hurry."

Mr. S. "O! no; you may look as long as you please. What do you think it is?"

Miss B. "I am trying to find out its meaning but you hurry me so from one thing to another."

"Come," said I, after a short pause; "shall we walk down this street?"

"You are so impatient," said she. "When a gentleman walks with me," she continued, "I don't like to have him so impatient."

The rebuke, my friends assured me, would doubtless have been well deserved, had I actually been walking with a lady on the business of sight-seeing; for it is but too true that in such matters I am always impatient and in a hurry. But to the point. Those who are acquainted with the premises which we were examining, will doubtless recollect the sculptured group above the cornice of the Mechanics' Hall, on the Park-place front, the figure of Charity dispersing her favours to several orphan children. It was this group that attracted the attention of my somnoloquial companion.

"Can I not come back and look at it again?" said she, when we resumed our walk.

"That," said I, "is the College Green."

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed. "I must go and walk there."

"But will you not step into my house first?" I asked. "It is close by."

"No, I must take a walk there first. But *there is nobody there*," she observed.

"It is *private* ground," I replied; "but the President of the College is my next-door neighbour, and I have permission to walk there whenever I please. The gate is always open, and we will step in for a few minutes."

On reaching the foot of the street, "There!" she exclaimed, with a playful smile; "you said the gate was always open, but you see it is shut."

"It is not locked, however," I rejoined, "as you will see. —There, you see I have opened it. Now, step in, and we will walk round the grounds. How do you like the College?"

"Very well," she replied; "but there is nobody in it."

"Because *it is the vacation*," said I, which was the fact.

I then proceeded, during our walk, to give her a brief history of the College; its breaking up at the beginning of the war of the Revolution; the harangue of HAMILTON to the people in front, while his Tory preceptor by that means was enabled to escape out of the back window; in all of which she was much interested. It is proper here to remark, by way of explanation, that these conversations and episodes were necessary to entertain her during her imaginary walks, for she did not like being hurried; and although it was all ideal, yet Miss BRACKETT wanted as much time as though she were in reality performing the exercise. She wished to stop at different objects, as frequently, to admire, and to linger as long, as though she were actually awake, and not blind, but clear-sighted, and in New York.

"How do you like the trees?" I inquired.

"Very well," she said; "but there is one of them decaying, and should be cut down and taken away."

I was *not aware of this fact*, and, from my knowledge of the trees, thought she must be in error. On examination, since my return, however, I find that one of the trees, in front of the wing occupied by Professor M'VICKAR, has been sadly injured by being barked in several very large places; and the trunk is otherwise diseased. A canvas

bandage, tarred, has been applied to the trunk, and the trunk itself has been smeared with that staple of North Carolina merchandise, tar.*

I told her that the President of the College lived in the first wing. She replied that there was nobody living there now, *the house being empty*. On inquiry, I find that she was correct; the house being shut up, and the President's family in the country.†

I now proposed to end our walk, and step into my house, to which I endeavoured to lead her. The house is No. 36, Church-street; is very peculiar in its construction, having no door upon the street, the entrance being by an iron gate into a little court. There is, on the opposite side of the street, a somewhat similar entrance, by a door into the yard of Mr. DOUGLASS, corner of Park-place and Church-street.‡ As we entered the Court, Miss BRACKETT shuddered, and clung to my side. I asked her what was the matter. She replied that she was "afraid of that black man in the yard."

I reasoned with her against any apprehensions, or fear, but to no purpose; and Mrs. HOPKINS here remarked, that "LORAINA had always been afraid of negroes, and could not bear to be near them when well awake." However, I soon persuaded her to proceed, and to descend to the base-

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* This is a statement, again, which puts to the rout all the surmises in which the mind was disposed to indulge when noticing the right-and-left hand riddle (page 24), unless we suppose that in an imaginary view of many trees (albeit, in this case, seemingly a perfectly real one) the mind of the patient, from old associations, did actually perceive, or conceive, a decayed tree among many healthy ones. The existence of such a one at the time in the College Garden, might then be ranked in the category of "curious coincidences."—ED.

† This reply of the somnambulist, places a bar against all further conjecture on the part of those who, their organs of *causality* being large, are prone at each step to seek for the reasons of events. If it fail to allay the restlessness of even the most persevering inquirer, there is wanted but the addition of one circumstance, presently stated, to perfect the sedative influence.—ED.

It is fair to the author to draw attention to the fact, that he has rarely, withheld minutiæ of dates and addresses in his narrative,—those important tests of sincerity, if not of truth.—ED.

ment story, in advance of myself, and see what the servants were about in the kitchen.

She did so, and reported *on her return*, that there were two white women, together with a negress, who was engaged in cooking something sweet.

I asked her, whether she was certain that both the white women were full grown, and she answered that they were.

I inquired what they were about, and she said, "that she did not like to tell me."

I then descended into the kitchen with her, and asked her what the black woman had in her hand.

She said, "that she did not know; but that it looked like something sweet."

I asked her to taste it.

She said, "No; that she could not taste anything cooked by a black woman, because it was not clean."

On assuring her that a coloured woman, if well washed, would be just as clean as a washed white woman, she asked for a taste, tried it in her mouth, said it was sweet, and *raised her hand to my lips*, saying that I must taste of it also.

It was evident that this was *all incorrect* as to our domestic establishment, and it struck me that she had by mistake entered the wrong house. I accordingly addressed her thus:

"Why, Miss BRACKETT, we have made a mistake, and gone into a wrong house. Let us go out as quickly as possible." Taking her thence into the street, I said, "Let us cross over; that is my house; how do you like it?"

She replied that it was a very pretty house, and that she liked it much; but it was a good deal smaller than the other.

"How many stories has it?"

"Two," was the correct reply.

"How do you like those windows?"

"O, they are very beautiful! It would be so sweet to sit and look out of those windows on the green."

"Now," said I, "let us walk along to the gate, and go in. We have been absent in Providence some time; I have

left Mrs. Stone there; and I want now *to come suddenly upon them*, and see if they are not playing high-life below stairs."

As we passed along, my companion looked up, and said, "Why, I should think you might as well cut a door through into the street?" This would have been a more important point, had I not some time previously remarked, by accident, that our house had *no door into the street*. Miss B. might have heard that observation, and she might not. On arriving at the gate, I again sent her into the kitchen, in advance, to take the servants by surprise,—a conceit which seemed to please her.* The passage into the kitchen from the court, is winding, and she entered with the caution of a stranger.

She then said, as if to the servants, in a loud whisper, "Hist, the gentleman has come home; I say, the gentleman has come."†

Calling her out, I inquired how many servants were there. She replied, correctly, "Two."

I inquired their ages, and she answered again, correctly, that the cook was a woman who seemed to be past the middle age, and the other a young girl. In a word, she gave a very accurate description of the persons of two servants who had been left in charge of the house.

I inquired the age of the smaller.

She said that she could not tell, but would ask her.

She then spoke. "How old are you? Is that your mother?" Then, turning to me, she said, "She will not answer me."‡

She then inquired of the other, "Is that your daughter? How old is she?" Turning to me again, she remarked, "Why, *she* will not answer me, either."

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* This is highly characteristic.—Ed.

† And it would seem impossible to supply a more natural, truth-testifying statement than this reference to "the gentleman," and what follows.—Ed.

‡ How truly unlike *invention!*—*En passant*, here is, to employ a pun, *rare* testimony for the creed that "spirits are around us, and we know it not." Any cook would have started to see a Providence sprite at her apron-strings.—Ed.

I asked what they were doing. She answered, "Not much of any thing," which I thought not unlikely.

It being washing-day, I asked, "Are they not washing?"

She said, and repeated, that they were not.

I asked what kind of a frock the girl had on.

She replied that she could not see clearly: the room was rather dark; but she believed it was a dark purple sprig.

On both of these points she was *mistaken*. The cook *was* washing on that day, and the frock of the girl was blue, with a small light flower. It is proper to add, moreover, that there was no coloured woman engaged in culinary operations, or otherwise, at the time in question, in the house opposite, where I before supposed my companion had entered by mistake.*

Addressing my fair companion again, I observed that we had been long enough in the kitchen, and that I had a number of pictures in the drawing-room above, which I was desirous she should see. We, therefore, ascended through the always dark staircase-passage, and entered the drawing-room, where I attempted to direct her attention to several pictures; but in her imagination she *ran across the room to the centre table*, standing in one corner, expressing her admiration of *the books with which it was covered*. She glanced at several, speaking of the beautiful pictures with which they were filled. With one of them she seemed to me most of all pleased. I asked her what it was.

She replied, "Ill—Illustrations of the Bible."

I had not thought of the table or books until she thus called my attention to them.

"I saw just such a one the other day," she said, "at Mr. Farley's, in Providence-street, only the cover of that was brown, and this is green."

Mrs. Hopkins here informed me that this was so. She had seen, at the house of Mr. Farley, *while in the state of magnetic slumber*, a copy of the work she was now examin-

* One begins to be startled now, at finding that the somnambulist was *wrong*.—Ed.

ing, which that gentleman, it was ascertained, *did actually possess.*

I knew that the "Bible Illustrations," with a heap of other literary and historical volumes, were lying on the table in question, and I knew that we *had* possessed one with a green cover. One of the two, however, had been presented to a friend, but of which colour it was I knew not. On returning home, I found that she was *in error* with regard to the cover, it being brown instead of green. But, by the side of it, lay the "Gems of Beauty," in green morocco, and another "Keepsake," bound in the same colour.

Having satisfied herself with the books, she next turned to the pictures, though not without urging. Reaching up her hands, she took down a small painting, and asked me to look at it, placing it in my hands. I asked her what it was.

"Ask me what it is," said she, "when you have it in your own hands, and know as well as I!" She would "do no such thing."

I then asked her to examine the painting *over the sideboard.*

She looked at it for some time, and, in answer to questions, expressed great pleasure at its beauty; but I could not induce her to tell me what it was, or describe it, from the avowed reason that *I was looking at it with her*, and it was trifling with her to ask such a question. Dr. Capron here remarked, in the circle, that such was her usual course. Whenever she was looking at an object with, as she supposed, another person, she would not answer questions of this description, believing either that they were not seriously put, or that the questioner was quizzing her, or sporting with her. All, therefore, that I could obtain from her, with the exception of *general expressions of approbation*, was that she "did not like the man's coat in the fore-ground." Here, also, it should be noted, that when in the magnetic state she can *talk* only with the person or persons *with whom the magnetiser has willed that she shall be* in communication. She can *hear nothing* addressed to her by *any one else*; nor

can she hear the conversation which may be passing between *any two individuals*, nor even that of the person with whom she is in communication, if he direct his speech *to any but herself*. He must speak to *her*, or she hears him not, and only wonders *why his lips move*, and yet that he does not speak.*

My next experiment was with another picture, of a very peculiar character.

"Miss BRACKETT," said I, "there is a picture in the other room, hanging over the couch, which I value highly. I wish you would look at it."*

Miss B. thereupon walked into the other room, the folding-doors standing open, and looked with great interest upon the picture which I had indicated. But although she appeared to inspect it minutely, I could elicit no description from her. I told her that both the pictures were painted by a young and promising artist, a Mr. HOXIE, and that I valued them highly. He was a young man of great merit, and I would take some opportunity of introducing him to her.

"Where is he?" she asked; "I do not see him."

I replied that he was not here now, but that I would see him soon; and then I attempted again to elicit something of a description from her; but she evaded me as artfully as before.

Dr. CAPRON here again spoke to me, of which circumstance however, she was evidently unconscious, and he remarked that when I had proceeded as far as I wished, he would come suddenly upon her, as if on a visit to New York, and after taking her from *me*, she would, without doubt, freely relate to him all that had taken place between her and myself. In

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* Statement of Mr. JESSE METCALF, one of Miss BRACKETT's friends.—Colonel STONE.

† I ought before to have remarked, that in no instance did I indicate to her what were *the subjects of the pictures*, and of the existence of three of them (of which I shall soon speak, and which I designed to make the *particular* tests) not a soul in the room, as I believe, had any previous knowledge, excepting myself.—Colonel STONE.

this way, he said, I should be abundantly able to form an opinion as to the power of the magnetic influence upon the mind, when the body is wrapped in insensible slumber, so profound that the discharge of a park of artillery *could not disturb her.*

There were various other paintings in the drawing-rooms, too many for a particular examination within the time at our command. Among them were several portraits. To one of these, an admirable head by INMAN, Miss BRACKETT objected, that the coat was too old-fashioned, and she wondered that they should have painted a man in such a coat. The remark as to the countrified cut of the coat was *correct;* but she spoke of a quaker-coat as appearing upon *one* of the portraits *was not there.*

She was asked if among the portraits there was any one whose picture she recognised.

She replied that there was one gentleman whom she thought she had once seen in Providence. This was the portrait, by FROTHINGHAM, of one of my intimate friends, who was *of the party,* and to whom she had been introduced in the morning.

I now asked Miss BRACKETT to walk with me into the library,—a small apartment built purposely as a library, and in a degree separate from the main body of the house. I told her that I had some pictures in that room to which I wished particularly to invite her attention, giving her, however, not the slightest intimation as to the character of the pictures.

On entering the library, "This," said I, "is my den,—my literary workshop, where I can shut myself up, and be as secluded as I please. I built it on purpose."

"O!" said she, "it is a nice little place; I should like to shut myself up here too; can't you go out and leave me alone, I want to read these books. But," she continued, "if you built this on purpose, why did not you make it wider while you were about it? It is so long and narrow, and so close; it wants some air."

Now, these are exactly the criticisms upon my private

" den," which are made by all my awake friends ; for it so happens, that in its construction, having but a small lot, I made a sad miscalculation as to the *width* of the room. I explained the matter to her, and told her that I would leave her with the books as long as she pleased, after we had looked at the pictures. I then asked her to look at the upper painting, above the fire-place. Now, I must remark in this place, that that was a picture which I had recently purchased, and which had only been sent home on the preceding Tuesday or Wednesday. No person in the room, excepting myself, *knew of its existence.*

She looked at the picture, and became instantly pensive. Presently her bosom heaved with sighs. I asked her what she thought of it ?

She said, that she did not like to look at it any more.

I then requested her to look at the picture which was below.

She did so, and in a moment was absorbed in curious interest; but, as before, she would not describe it to me, farther than to say, that it was the portrait of a dark-coloured man ; but she brought her hand round her head, as much as to say, that there was something peculiar about the head.

I then again directed her attention to the upper picture, and she immediately became pensive and affected as before. The experiment was repeated several times, until, in contemplating the upper picture, she sobbed and wept.

" Well," said I, " if that picture affects you so much, Miss Brackett, you need look at it no more. I have here a picture, in this drawer, which I prize highly, and will show it to you ;" saying which, I opened the drawer, and handed to her the picture.

She (in imagination, of course) took the picture, and observed in a whisper, as if talking to herself, " O ! it's a miniature."

I asked her what she thought of it ?

She replied, that it was " very beautiful ;" but she would not describe it, from the reasons which I have already several times mentioned.

I now requested Dr. CAPRON to take her from me, and resume his sway over her, for the purpose of the suggested cross-examination, through him, as to what she had seen.

He took her by the hand, and the following scene ensued :—

Dr. C. " Ah! LORAINA, are you here?"

Miss B. " Why, Doctor, how do you do? *When did you come from Providence?*"

Dr. C. " I have just arrived."

Miss B. " I am glad to see you."

Dr. C. " And I am very glad to see you. When did you come to New York?"

I forget the reply to this question. The conversation, however, was upon the common topics which would be naturally suggested by an *actual meeting of friends* under the circumstances imagined. The doctor continued thus :—

Dr. C. " Have you been engaged since you came to New York? Have you seen anything?"

Miss. B. " O yes, Mr. Stone has been taking a walk with me, and has shown me a great many things."

She then informed him, in answer to questions, of her *walk through Broadway*, mentioning *the lions*, the *Astor House*, and other matters which it is not necessary to repeat for the purpose of this narrative. He then proceeded as follows :—

Dr. C. " Well, LORAINA, when Mr. STONE was in Providence, *a few days since*, he spoke to me of some pictures which he prizes highly. Did you see any of them?"*

Miss B. " O yes. I went to his house, and *saw a great many*. I took down one, and handed it to him; and, what do you think? He wanted me to tell him what it was, when he had it in his own hands? But I would'nt; he pestered me with so many questions."

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* It is odd that the recollection of these pictures should remain with the somnambulist, and that no thought of where she had been passing the supposed days, and sleeping in the nights, during the interval of the *few days*, did not exist in her mind.—ED.

I here suggested to the doctor, that he should ask her whether she saw a fruit-piece, and he did so. "O yes;" was the reply, "that was *the very picture which I took down*, and would not tell him what it was."

This was correct. From what I could gather, when she began examining the paintings, I supposed that she referred to a beautiful fruit-piece by WARD, of London. The Doctor continued:—

Dr. C. "Mr. Stone told me that there was a painting over the side-board. What kind of a picture was that?"

Miss B. "It was a lake, with mountains around it. I thought it very beautiful."

Such is the fact. The picture is a charming mountain landscape, the scene being a beautiful lake among the Catskill mountains, by HOXIE.

Dr. C. "Well, what other pictures did you see? What is that picture which Mr. STONE told me was hanging over the settee?"

Miss B. "O, it was a curious picture. It represents the *Indians* sitting in a *hollow tree*, which looks as though it had been dug out on purpose. And the tree is filled with marks." (Hieroglyphics.)

This was the most wonderful reply we had yet had. The picture is a composition landscape, by HOXIE, containing the portrait of the decaying trunk of an enormous sycamore-tree, standing in the neighbourhood of Montezuma, New York. The artist has introduced a group of three Indians, and has likewise traced a number of *hieroglyphics* within the open trunk. These hieroglyphics are seldom noticed by visitors, *unless specially pointed out*. And yet this blind lady, with bandaged eyes, who had never been in New York, nor heard a whisper of the existence of the picture, *had discovered them!* The fact seems not only incredible, but absolutely impossible. But, as I believe, it is nevertheless true.*

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* This is the first opinion which the narrator has allowed himself to give on any event which arose during the interview, throughout the whole of its progress.—ED.

Dr. C. "Did you notice particularly any other pictures? Mr. STONE told me that he had several in his library, upon which he set a high value. Did you see them?"

Miss B. "Yes."

Dr. C. "What were they?"

She here again became affected, as she replied, "One of them was Christ in his agony, with a crown of thorns."

This reply was astounding. The picture is an admirable copy of the *Ecce Homo*, by GUIDO. It had only been sent home a week before, and I had cautiously avoided mentioning it to my most intimate friends, who were present at this extraordinary interview, until she thus proclaimed it.

Dr. C. "What other picture did you see in the library?"

Miss B. "There was a portrait of an Indian Chief."

This was another wonderful reply. The picture is an admirable copy, by CATLIN, of a capital portrait of BRANT, the great Mohawk warrior, which has recently been procured, to be engraved for the forthcoming life of that celebrated chieftain.

Dr. C. "How was he dressed?"

Miss B. "Why, I can hardly describe it. His head was shaved, and *I don't know exactly whether there was any hair left on or not.* There was something on the top, but I could scarcely tell whether it was hair."

This description was very accurate. The knot on the crown is the scalp-lock; and the war paint around it, and something like a ribbon which tied it, would render it doubtful to a superficial observer, unacquainted with Indian customs and costumes, whether there was any hair there or not.

Dr. C. "Was there no other picture in the library?"

Miss B. "O, yes. He took out of a drawer a miniature."

Dr. C. "Did it resemble the large picture?"

Miss B. "I thought it did somewhat." (I believe I put this question to her when she was under my control.)

Dr. C. "How was it dressed?"

Miss B. "It was a very handsome picture, and had *a cap and plumes.*"

This was another wonderful reply. The picture in ques-

tion is a very beautiful miniature likeness of BRANT, composed by N. ROGERS, from two pictures of the Chief, taken when he was a young man, and first in London, in his court dress. The picture is designed to embellish the forthcoming work referred to, and lies yet in the drawer *where it was seen and described by* Miss BRACKETT, blind, previously unconscious of its existence, and two hundred miles off when she saw it.

The Doctor now transferred the somnoloquist back to me. Taking her hand again, quick as a flash, we were restored to the place and position which we occupied at the moment of the Doctor's intervention.

I resumed the conversation by asking her if she had ever heard of Wall-street.

She replied that she had not.

Mr. S. "You have heard of the great fire in New York?"

Miss B. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Would you like to take a walk down there, and see how it has been rebuilt, and where they are building the new Exchange?"

Miss B. "I should like to go there very much."

The imaginary walk was immediately commenced.

"Here," said I, "is Trinity Church, the oldest in the city. Perhaps you would like to take a look into it?"

She replied that it would afford her pleasure to do so; adding, "but I guess you will be obliged to get the doors open before we get in."

I told her that the sexton would open them at once.

"Come," I added, "I will open the gate; and—there—you see the doors are opened."

The moment she had crossed the threshold, and arrived at the inner door, she paused, and, looking half round, smiled, and, as it were, bit her lip.

Mr. S. "What attracts your attention now, Miss BRACKETT?"

Miss B. "I was looking at those awkward pews. *I never saw such inconvenient pews.*"

Mr. S. "What is the difficulty with them?"

Miss B. " Why, how they look ! "

Mr. S. " But the richest people in New York attend church here."

Miss B. " Then I should advise them to tear away these old pews, and build new and better ones."

Now, it happens to be a fact that the pews in this church are just the worst-looking and most inconvenient in our city.

Mr. S. " How do you like the pulpit ? "

Miss B. " I think it wants new drapery. Only see how old it looks. The cushion where they lay the Bible is quite thread-bare."

I have examined these draperies since my return, and should advise the vestry of that church to take the hint of the somnoloquist. The cushion is not exactly thread-bare, but the drapery both of the pulpit and the desk needs renewal.

I asked her to look beyond the pulpit, and examine the sculpture.

She did so, and was deeply interested, but did not describe it.

I asked her which figure she liked best.

She answered, " The standing figure."

I inquired whether she understood the design of the figure.

She siad that she did.

I am not certain whether I told her that it was a monumental structure, but I think that I did say that the standing figure was a personification of Religion. However, she gave no evidence that she fully comprehended the work.

I asked her how she liked the lights behind.

She replied, " Very well," and added, that she had never seen the light let in in that way before.

On leaving the church I suddenly remarked, " Why, Miss Brackett, after all, I omitted one thing at my house, which I very much desired that you should see. In our little basement room, the little snuggery where we breakfast,

I have two pictures, one very curious, which you must see. Will you walk back with me, and look at it?"

She replied in the affirmative.

I immediately added, "Well, here we are."

"That's likely," said she, playfully; "you have got there before I have started."*

"Very true," said I; "but I will come back and walk with you. — Now, Miss BRACKETT, we are here, at all events."

Miss B. "And is this your family breakfast-room?"

Mr. S. "It is."

Miss. B. "It is a nice little place."

Mr. S. "Now, Miss BRACKETT, look at that picture and tell me what you think of it."

She looked, and began to smile, and was evidently much amused; but, as before, she would give me no description of either. (Dr. CAPRON here observed to me, that if I charged her particularly to remember what she saw, she would do so, and tell me about it when awake.)

I then remarked, "If you will not tell me now, will you be careful to remember what you see,—what pleases you so, —and tell me afterwards?"

She promised me faithfully that she would.

We had now been occupied nearly four hours, and my engagements were such as to render it necessary to bring my travels with this most interesting companion to a close. I therefore proposed returning to Providence, to which she assented.

"How will you go?" I asked.

Miss B. "We will fly."

Mr. S. "Very well; I am used to that mode of travelling."

Clasping both my hands in hers, she went through the

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* A remark calculated to excite new speculation and conjecture in the mind of the reader.—ED.

same process of ascending into the air, by my assistance, as before.

"O, how beautiful it is," she exclaimed, "to look down upon the city! How vast! How grand!"

Lingering a moment, as if hovering over the town, I directed her attention to several objects—the land and the water. "That dark mass of buildings," I said, "is the Bellevue Alms-houses. That high column is the Shot-tower: it is the highest structure on the island."

"And we are so much above that!" she interrupted.

Mr. S. "Ah! here we have New-Haven."

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Stop, I must look at that. It is very beautiful."

Mr. S. "And this is New-London. How are you pleased with it?"

Miss B. "I don't like its appearance very well."

"Nor does anybody else," I replied. "And here we are in Providence," I continued.

I then assisted her in descending, as from the first flight, and asked her how she had been pleased with her visit to New-York.

She replied, that she had been exceedingly gratified, and that she liked the route home very much, as it was one that she had never travelled before.

Dr. CAPRON now again willed her away from me, resumed his control, and, by the peculiar mental process of animal magnetism, together with a few brushes of his hand over her forehead, awoke her.

She at first complained of being somewhat confused; but in the course of one or two minutes, resumed her self-possession, and was as cheerful and intelligent, and diffident withal, as before she had been magnetised. The Doctor had charged her to remember the circumstances of her visit, and he now questioned her respecting several incidents heretofore detailed at large.

Among others, he inquired again what was the particular object that had attracted her attention, and seemed to annoy her at the Bowling-green, opposite the lions.

She blushed to the eyes, and said she must be excused from answering.

He then asked her what was the picture in the basement-room of my house, which seemed to please her so much

She laughed outright, as she replied, "It was a funny-looking fellow, pulling a cat's ear."

This was another remarkable answer, affording a still farther and most striking illustration of the mysterious power of this potent though unknown principle. The picture in question is an old and admirable painting, recently purchased by my friend, the Rev. J. C. Brigham, and loaned to me. It had but just been returned from the hands of the picture-framer, and had not yet been hung in the drawing-room. Its *existence*, I am perfectly confident, *was unknown to any of the party present excepting myself*, and the subject is that of a *sly mischievous fellow*, full of wicked laughter, teasing some antiquated lady, by *pinching the ears of her favourite tabby !*

Such were the results of this extraordinary interview, and such the actual phenomena attending a single nap of magnetic slumber, under circumstances where everything like ostentation, or a desire of display, or even of a private exhibition, was avoided, and where, I repeat without hesitation, deception, fraud, collusion, misunderstanding, and mistake, were alike *utterly impossible*. I have written fully and faithfully, omitting, as I believe, nothing that is essential to a full illustration of the interview,—preserving so much of the very language used as a practised and pretty retentive memory has enabled me to recall,— giving the substance where the identical language is lost, and presenting a simple and unadorned narrative of the truth throughout.

In the early part of this communication, I have adverted to the extraordinary power of this young lady,—blind though she be,—of reading, while in the magnetic slumber, letters within several envelopes, without breaking the seals. This

was a point to which I likewise directed my attention, and circumstances occurred to favour my design.

On Sunday, August the 27th, while I was in Providence, and on the day before that of my interview with Miss Brackett, a small packet was received by Mr. Isaac Thurber from Mr. Stephen Covell of Troy, containing, as he wrote to his friend, a note, which he wished Miss B. to read while under the magnetic influence (without breaking the seal), if she could. Mr. Covell had been induced to try this experiment, in consequence of having heard of extraordinary performances of the kind, which, of course, he doubted. The package, a letter, was evidently composed of several envelopes. The outer one consisted of thick blue paper.

On Sunday evening, Miss B. was put into a magnetic slumber, and the letter was given to her with instructions to read it.

She said that she would take it to bed with her, and read it before morning.*

On Monday morning she gave the reading as follows :—

"*No other than the Eye of Omnipotence can read this in this envelopement.* 1837."

I made a memorandum of this reading, and examined the package containing, as she said, the sentence. She said then, namely, on Monday morning, that there were one or two words between the word "envelopement" and the date, as I understood her, which she could not make out. I examined the seal with the closest scrutiny. It was unbroken, and to open the letter, or to read it without opening it, with human eyes, was impossible.

After my return to the city (New-York), viz., on Wednesday, August 30th, I addressed a letter to Mr. Covell, to

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* So I understood the matter at the time of the interview. By a statement of Mr. Thurber himself, however, it appears that the *clairvoyante* did not take it to bed with her, but retired into a dark room to make it out, from choice, and read it to Mr. Hopkins, and a number of others, on her return.

ascertain whether the reading of the blind somnambulist was correct. The following is his reply:—

"Troy, September 1, 1837.

"Dear Sir,—Yours, of yesterday, I received by this morning's mail, and as to your inquiry relative to the package submitted to Miss B., while under the magnetic influence, I have to say the package came to hand yesterday. The sentence had been written by a friend, and sealed by him at my request, and in such a manner as was supposed that its contents could not have been read by any human device, without breaking the seal. We think the seals have not been broken until returned. The sentence *as read by Miss B.* is, —'No other than the Eye of Omnipotence can read this in this envelopement. 1837.' And the sentence as written *in the original*, on a card, with another card placed on the face of the writing, and inclosed in a thick blue paper was,— 'No other than the eye of Omnipotence can read this sentence in this envelope.—Troy, New York, August, 1837.'

"Respectfully yours,

"Stephen Covell."

"William L. Stone, Esq."

I myself also left a note, hastily prepared, for the blind lady to read, the contents of which were known *only to me.* It was carefully folded, so as to preclude the possibility of reading it, by the natural sight, without opening; and sealed with seven wafers and two seals of wax, with my own private signet. By the mail of the following Saturday, I received the letter. The seals were unbroken, and exactly in the condition I had left them, with the answer written on the outside, in the hand-writing of the friend who had assisted me in obtaining the interview; which answer is correct, so far as it goes. I have already remarked, that I was in great haste at the time of preparing the note; yet I was determined to leave something so much out of the ordinary track as to puzzle the lady, if possible. Accordingly, having the odd title of a queer old book in my pocket, printed in a small Italic letter, I wrote a part of the note with a pencil, and

stuck on two and a half lines of the small Italic printing, beneath, with a wafer. The note, written and printed, as I left it, was in these words:—

"The following is the title, equally quaint and amusing, of a book which was published in England in the time of OLIVER CROMWELL:—'*Eggs of Charity, layed by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled by the Waters of Divine Love.—Take ye, and eat.*'"

I subjoin the answer sent by Miss B. through an intimate friend:—

"'The following is a title equally amazing (or amusing) and quaint, of a book published in England in the time of OLIVER CROMWELL:—

"'Eggs of Charity.'

"Miss B. does not know whether the word is *amazing* or *amusing*. Something is written after the 'Eggs of Charity,' which she cannot make out."

Why the *clairvoyante* did not read the whole note as readily as she did the part which she did read, I am at a loss to give an opinion. On a minute examination of the paper, I find that, accidentally, in folding it, there was one thickness of paper over the first line which she did read, and the two thick wax seals, and a number of wafer seals, also, intervened over nearly the whole. Those seals were strong and deep impressions of my family crest, with the motto distinctly shown; and the whole was returned to me *so perfect*, and in every respect entire, as at once to put at rest every suspicion of foul play, had such suspicion been entertained.

I am perfectly aware, my dear sir, that in allowing the preceding statement, which is no more than a simple and unadorned narrative of facts, to go forth to the world, I am setting myself up as a target, at which scores of witlings and brisk fools will be sure to let fly successive showers of arrows. Indeed, I have already been assailed, from various quarters, through the public journals, and in the conversations of individuals, in consequence of a recent and very partial and imperfect publication, announcing my visit

to Providence, and the experiments of the sealed letters. The *Church Chronicle*, published at New-Haven, has arraigned me as a convert to "humbuggery and mystification," and as an easy dupe in transactions which "bear on their face the impress of gross imposition." Other journals have freely applied the phrase that I have been "outrageously humbugged." Others have alternately railed at and rebuked me. However, be it so. I should feel myself but a sorry knight of the quill to complain of missiles of which I have myself dispersed so many. If I am correctly informed, the Editor of the *Church Chronicle* will soon find an able exponent of the mysterious principle in the Bishop of his own diocese. Still, whether that distinguished Prelate take the field or not, the facts recorded in this communication remain the same. Meantime, your own reading must have taught you that neither theories nor principles are the less philosophical, or the less true, because they are disbelieved or ridiculed. The original projector of the employment of steam to move machinery, was denounced as a lunatic, and confined as a madman for persistance in the folly. Galileo was twice imprisoned for opposing the erroneous astronomy of Aristotle. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was persecuted for that revolutionary doctrine; and Jenner was denounced as a quack, for a discovery which has constituted him one of the greatest benefactors of modern times. Scepticism is not a new thing; and satire and ridicule, although they may deter the timid from avowing an honest opinion, are not tests of a theory, or of the value of a discovery or a principle; and I know of nothing which should prevent the exercise of moral courage in uttering facts which are connected with the human mind, involving sleep, dreaming, and somnambulism,—the independence of our spiritual nature over our bodily organs,—and eliciting new views of the perceptive faculties and the nature of the soul.

With regard to the imputation that a gross imposture has been played off upon me, I have repeatedly said that the character of all the parties to the interview forbids the idea of

fraud, collusion, or imposture, while the strongest evidence possible, and the most convincing to an individual, is that of his own senses. "We cannot," says Dr. BEATTIE, "prove by argument to ourselves that we are awake, for we know of nothing more evident to prove it by, and it is essential to every proof, that it should be clearer than that which is to be proved." I will not therefore distrust the evidence of my own senses, where all the circumstances were such as to render deception impossible. The weight of other testimony depends upon the character of the witnesses for veracity, their means of knowing the facts related, and their exemption from such motives as might sway them from the truth. Witnesses sustaining such a character are entitled to full credit, and such was the character of the parties with whom I communicated during my visit to Miss BRACKETT.

Is it any more unphilosophical to believe in the activity of the human soul during the suspension of the human senses by that peculiar species of slumber which is produced by "magnetical" influence, the existence of which, to a greater or less degree, I take it for granted can no longer be denied? Why deny to the soul the faculty of recognizing external objects through unusual ways, without the help of the senses; or of visiting other climes?

I am not without apprehension that you may yet inquire of me, what is my own belief on the subject? I cannot deny the evidence of my own senses, and, therefore, I must believe in something. But how much to believe, or what, I am puzzled to tell. Fraud, deception, imposture, I once more repeat, in the matters I have related, were entirely out of the question. On the whole, therefore, I must end as I began, by quoting the sage conclusion of HAMLET, that there are "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

I am, with respect, &c. &c.,

"WILLIAM L. STONE."

"To Dr. A. BRIGHAM, New York."

REMARKS.

How speedily the mind might be eased from all disquietude respecting stories so marvellous and speciously detailed as that which precedes this page, if men would at once agree that *nothing* which is new, startling, and improbable, should ever be believed!

But time has often shown that strange and wonderful things—things which, indeed, have been termed "impossible,"—are true and accomplishable. Therefore, a general consent to disbelieve, peremptorily, even "monstrous propositions," is not likely to be obtained, and portions of mankind must and will continue to hear and receive statements of what is improbable, without immediately passing on it the easy sentence of utter rejection.

The caution will extend, not so much to estimating the *possibility* of the alleged facts and propositions, as to investigating the accompanying testimonials, and the internal evidences of their truth; and this disposition will induce the reader of the foregoing narrative to examine with care and delicacy the various statements of names, places, and persons, the manner of describing, the accordance of parts, and the rationality of minute details in a seemingly irrational whole, which are presented to his view by Mr. STONE. The preliminary statements are such as to justify a careful perusal of every word of the main document.

Say that the document is only extremely specious and plausible. It is plausible and specious enough to obtain many believers. Perhaps this may be because there exists an insufficiently cautious portion of the public. Still, the greatest sceptic cannot deny that the whole narrative presents many claims on our credence.

A belief in mesmerism, to a greater or less extent, is to be found pervading the minds of some of the most distinguished men of modern times.

A reference to these shall not here be attempted, especially since but few well-known advocates of the art reside in England, and are close and familiar to us, and readily and satisfactorily to be referred to. But mesmerism, *the art of which the foregoing narrative is an illustration*, certainly *does* possess disciples among the men of science in England.

Of these there are two who can here be quoted, because the art has been publicly used by them. Dr. ELLIOTSON, the able and learned physician of the North-London Hospital, and Dr. SIGMOND, a gifted lecturer, of the highest character, on the Practice of Medicine in the London Medical Schools.

The opinions of the former physician have been published in one of the London Medical Journals, *The Lancet*, and very fully in his work entitled,

"Human Physiology," a short time since. It will be well to give a short analysis of his views on the subject, especially since he does not accord with the opinion that magnetised persons can accomplish such feats as are ascribed to Miss Brackett. "I have no hesitation," he says, (*Human Physiology*, Vol. 2, page 679) in declaring my conviction that those facts of mesmerism which I admit, (because they are not contrary to established morbid phenomena), result from a specific power. They are sometimes feigned, and sometimes are the result of emotion, or imagination, but that they may be real and independent of all imagination; I have seen quite sufficient to convince me." In May, 1829, Dr. Elliotson witnessed some mesmeric processes performed by Mr. Chenevix at St. Thomas's Hospital, Southwark. Several of these failed, and he remained unconvinced until another female was mesmerised, whom he presented, like the others, from amongst his patients in the hospital, and whom he thus describes:—

"She was an ignorant Irish girl, and unprepared to expect anything. In a minute she plaintively entreated Mr. Chenevix not to proceed. The manipulations 'drew weakness into her, and made her feel faint.' She next complained of pain in the abdomen; on a few transverse movements, she said the pain was gone: the same thing occurred several times, and once pain was complained of in the chest, but ceased perfectly after a few transverse movements. He darted an open hand towards one of her arms, and told her to raise it; she could scarcely move it: after a few transverse movements, she declared the stiffness and uneasiness were gone, and she moved it as well as the other. He produced all the same effects on the other arm, and then upon one leg. Her eyes were closed as perfectly as could be, and a piece of paper weighing, perhaps, a grain, being placed upon one foot, she instantly was unable to raise it; the paper was removed, and she raised it directly. All these things were repeated again and again, I telling Mr. Chenevix, in French, which part I wished to be rendered powerless, and which to be restored, and she being prevented as much as possible from seeing. Deception was impossible. Mr. C. looked round at me, and asked, in French, if I was satisfied. I really felt ashamed to say no; and yet I could scarcely credit my senses enough to say yes. I remained silent. He then asked me, still in a language unintelligible to the patient, 'Shall I bring back a pain, or disable a limb for you once more?' I of course requested that he would do so. He complied instantly, giving her a pain in the chest once, and disabling her several times from moving her limbs, and removing those effects at pleasure, according to the intentions he avowed to me; the whole taking place exactly as it had done in my former trial with this woman."

"From this time," says Dr. Elliotson, "I was satisfied that such a power as mesmerism exists, and hoped soon to inquire into it." The opportunity for pursuing this inquiry, did not occur to him sooner than at the close of eight years; but in 1837, the arrival of a professed mesmeriser from Paris, M. Dupotet, afforded him the means of extending his belief. The following is an analysis of what he personally witnessed and believes on the subject: —

"As mesmerism is extolled in nervous diseases, I selected three epileptic patients, a male and two females, at University College Hospital, in whose diseases I despaired of doing any good; and one hysterical female. Several

gentlemen and myself submitted to the manipulations. On some no effect was produced; of the greater number, some experienced a tingling or strange sensation in the arms, legs, or face, frequently with little twitchings, an oppression and unusual heaving of the chest in respiration: some always felt a heaviness or unusual sensation about the forehead, and even drowsiness, and on repetition experienced nothing more; I was mesmerised frequently, and always, but once, with the effect of tingling and twitchings only. Many, who sat down laughing at the whole as nonsense, honestly confessed they were affected by some influence. Some of these believed in mesmerism, like myself, and yet none could be sent to sleep. A visitor one day was put to sleep. The four *patients* were sent fast asleep, the man always, and in from five to ten minutes. One of the epileptic females was manipulated very often before she slept, although she was delighted at the process, and mortified whenever she was not subjected to it with the others. At length, however, she began to sleep under it; but the process often failed with her. The other was for a great length of time sent to sleep invariably. The patients, when about to sleep, either showed a fixed stare, or looked heavy, and their eyelids gradually dropped or winked; their breathing became heavy; and sometimes they changed from waking to sleeping in an instant. When they were asleep, the head fell in one direction or another, the arms fell, they breathed loud or even snored. In some, twitchings of the fingers, feet, arms, legs, or face, took place: in the hysterical girl the eyeballs rolled rapidly, or the lower lip was raised and depressed. On awaking, she never could open her eyes; but, on the Baron's making a few transverse passes above and below them, she opened them instantly. I, and others, every day made the same passes in vain. If we raised her eyelids, they instantly fell. We begged her to open them; but, till the fingers of him who had mesmerised her made transverse movements, they remained closed, however long we waited. In the rest, the sleep lasted only from a few minutes to a quarter of an hour, but in her it was very protracted; it was often so profound that she did not feel pricking or pinching; and it seldom ceased till put an end to by transverse movements, when she walked away as if nothing had occurred. The man often on awaking complained of a pain in some part, or some very strange sensation, which was immediately dissipated by transverse movements. At first he liked the process, and prepared the chair with delight; but, after a time, he took a dislike to it, and at length requested not to be mesmerised, but to trust to medicines for his cure, and I of course did not oppose his wishes. Yet at both periods the effects were precisely the same upon him.

"One of the students tried the process upon an epileptic girl, a patient of the gentleman with whom he lived, several miles from the College, and sent her presently off to sleep for several hours. He offered to bring her to the Hospital, and she came three times a week. Her eyelids were always closed presently, and she never could open them till the Baron made transverse passes around them. I always attempted, but in vain; and, if I opened them forcibly, they immediately shut again. From this moment, we could halloo in her ears, dash her arms in any direction, pull her hair out, pinch her hand, put snuff up her nose, but she was perfectly insensible, breathing placidly, till the Baron made two or three transverse movements, when she instantly

awoke. These phenomena were too striking and invariable for any rational person to disbelieve that some peculiar power had been in operation. Her lower jaw was always firmly closed in her sleep, so that none of us could open it; but the Baron always caused it to open on moving his finger along it, or holding his hand in contact with it: it was opened more slowly by manipulations made without touching her. On one occasion he held his finger near the meatus of the ear, and she presently heard, and from that time heard more or less, and talked, especially if he operated again upon the ear; but after she was awakened she knew nothing that had passed in her sleep-waking. Still she was mesmerised many times before she answered questions: she heard a noise, and this roused her sufficiently to make her talk of what was present in her mind, but her words had no relation to the questions. At length she began to speak to every question; and, on one occasion, on being teased to give an answer when she had repeatedly declared that she could not, she fell into a violent rage, rose, seized the inquirer, shook and pushed him with both hands, and, on being forced into a chair, after resting quiet for a few minutes, she rose and made at the same person again very fiercely, and sat down at last with difficulty, pale with rage, and her hands quite cold. Baron Dupotet thought it right to awaken her, and did so immediately, when she smiled with her natural good humour, and proved herself to be in complete ignorance of all that had just passed.

"The power of mesmerism was shown as strikingly, though differently, upon one of my two epileptic female patients. She ceased to have epilepsy; but fell into fits of ecstacy, perfectly insensible, though with her eyes wide open, chattering, mimicking, relating stories, &c.

"She lay in bed, or sat, with her eyes open, saying a great number of things, such as she might say when awake, told stories, and with great expression of voice, features, and manner, mimicked the voices and conversation of many fellow-patients accurately, and mimicked the manipulations of Baron Dupotet; yet she saw nobody, could not be roused by hallooing in her ear, and bore the sharpest pinches with indifference. She was cross, expressed displeasure at having been before magnetised, said she would not be made a fool of, complained of different things, shook her head, moving it forwards and frowning, and saying, 'You dirty beast.' Her hands were very cold in such attacks, and her whole surface pale. She would suddenly come out of this state, stare about like a person waking, rub her eyes, become still, smile, and be completely herself, without the least knowledge of what she had been doing, and feel quite ashamed, and beg pardon, when informed that she had said we made a fool of her. After some hours, or days, the attack would return. But, before she remained permanently awake, she sometimes fell back repeatedly into the sleep-waking; and nothing could be more striking than to see her eyes suddenly fixed unconsciously, and then all the phenomena of perfect external insensibility and talking begin again in less than a minute; and, in a few minutes, to observe her become suddenly still, look wild, or fall fast asleep, for an instant, rub her eyes, be sentient of every thing around her, smile, and, in short, in less than a minute be wide awake, without any knowledge of the state in which she had just been. This state could be put an end to by mesmerising her.

" Generally she was restored in less than a quarter of an hour, even after this state had continued many hours, or even for a day or a week; once or twice it resisted long manipulations, but they continued, excepting once, till put an end to by the process, and that once, I understood, she fell back very soon into the state again. These attacks, I have already said, changed to ecstatic delirium; in the fits of which she was in possession of all her external senses, and these attacks were terminated by mesmerism, just like those of simple ecstasy or sleep-waking. They ended with momentary sleep. While sitting before the magnetiser, looking attentively at him, and saying all sorts of ridiculous and witty spiteful things, pale, with the countenance of a maniac, she suddenly seemed lost, her eyes rapidly closed for a moment, and then opened; she looked astonished, and was in her perfect senses, smiling amiably, behaving in the most proper manner, in short, in full possession of her intellect and feelings.

" These are the phenomena which I have witnessed. To ascribe them to emotion and fancy, to suppose collusion and deception, would be absurd. They must be ascribed to a peculiar power; to a power acting, I have no doubt, constantly in all living things, vegetable and animal, but shown in a peculiar manner by the processes of mesmerism. I have witnessed its power at least three times a week for two months; and should despise myself if I hesitated to declare my decided conviction of the truth of mesmerism.

" But I have never witnessed more than what, it is certain, takes place in health and disease. I have seen persons sent to sleep. I have felt and heard others declare they had tingling, and heard some declare they had various other sensations and pains; I have seen twitchings, convulsions, and spastic contractions of muscles, loss of power of muscle, and the most profound coma; and I have seen these evidently and instantly removed by the process. I have seen one sense restored in the coma by the process, so that the person was insensible in taste, smell, sight, and yet heard and answered questions well. I have seen paroxysms of sleep-waking and ecstatic delirium, which had been originally induced by its disturbance of a system already epileptic, put an end to, evidently, and in general quickly, by mesmerism. But I have not witnessed persons seeing through walls or pasteboard, nor tasting or smelling with the epigastrium or fingers; nor speaking or understanding languages they had never learnt; nor telling the circumstances past, present, and to come of persons they had never heard of before. Yet I have persevered with patience and docility. Often have I seen Baron Dupotet speak at the epigastrium and finger ends of the ecstatic and comatose patients: often heard him address them in a language with which they were unacquainted: often ask when they would have another fit; but nothing, which, till I witness such things, I must consider supernatural, has yet occurred. He has frequently said that these phenomena would soon occur,—that the patients would probably soon become *clairvoyans*: but no. No marvel has yet presented itself in my experience: nor has any good been yet effected in the diseases of my patients; but the perfect coma induced in some of them would be an inestimable blessing in the case of a surgical operation, which I am positive might have been performed, without the slightest sensation, on some of the female

patients, exactly as took place at the Hôtel-Dieu (in Paris), where a cancerous breast was removed in mesmeric coma from a poor woman without her knowledge. I have no doubt that I shall in time see all the established phenomena of sleep-waking,—writing, reading, and doing endless things even better than in the waking state. But, before I see, I cannot believe more. I cannot believe that even those strange phenomena are produced by it which some declare to occur occasionally in plain sleep-waking, because I must see such sleep-waking before I believe it. Yet I will continue a little longer with docility to inquire and learn."

Dr. SIGMOND, like Dr. ELLIOTSON, in a letter to the Editor of *The Lancet*, Dec. 9, 1837, says, that he entered the field of inquiry respecting animal magnetism a perfect sceptic, and still disbelieves, as he expresses himself, "in the existence of any fluid which can, at will, be made to pass from the body of a magnetiser into that of another person, and thus, at command, produce unwonted sensations." Still, he attempted magnetic manipulations himself, and he says that, in the course of them, he has observed "certain most singular phenomena to arise, with which he was previously totally unacquainted, and which," he adds, "I think are of some value, and may be found to lead to physiological and physcological facts, and which, in some instances, might produce considerable influence in different conditions of the body." He was in a short time invited to pursue the subject, "by an illustrious individual, Earl STANHOPE, who had devoted the energies of his highly-cultivated mind to an examination of the system," and the result satisfied him "that he could, by means of the mesmeric manipulations, give a very peculiar sleep, amounting almost to stupor, to a vast number of persons, especially those who were of the higher classes, they being much more sensitive to impressions on the nervous system." Having described one or two singular instances of this power, he announces, from the extraordinary quality of the sleep, that researches of the kind should be pursued only with extreme caution.

Having thus proved that mesmerism is producing very singular and unexpected effects at home, it is not unreasonable to hope that some further inquiry will be made respecting such an account as we have now received from abroad. Mr. STONE, Dr. BRIGHAM, and Dr. CAPRON, are real and well-known personages, of high character. Cannot some additional vouchers of their statements be obtained from them, in order to satisfy the English public whether belief on this side of the Atlantic ought to stop at the present creeds of our own countrymen, or advance so many steps beyond them? It certainly does not seem *desirable* that all the portrayed marvels should be true.

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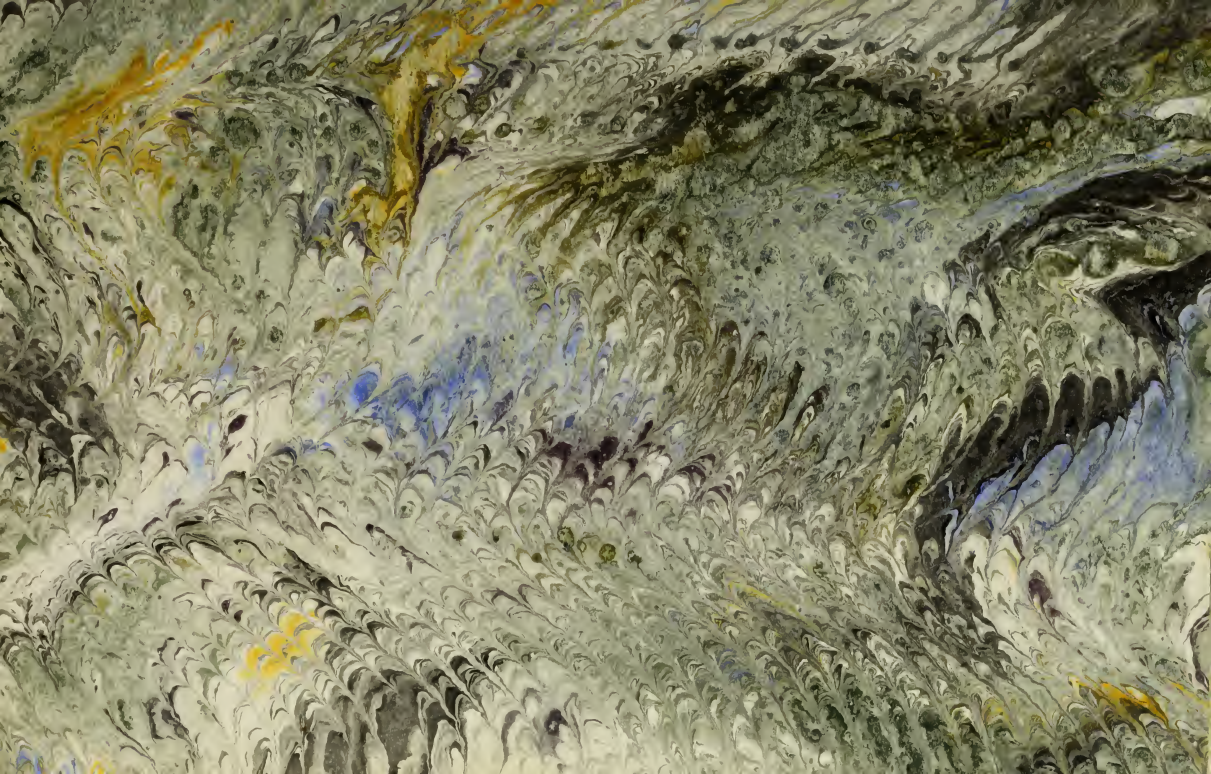
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